

The Egg

(a poem)

I am small and

I am white

Shaped of an oval,
plump and light.

I am destined for your gut
Having emerged from
a chicken's butt.

A fragile shell
with yolk inside
You might like me
scrambled or fried.

I was going to be
a poultry bird
but instead
I'm cracked and stirred.

It's ok, it's just as well

it's better than
that barnyard smell.

You picked me out
at the store
I came with friends,
eleven more.

If you're not careful
I will break
and that would be
a big mistake.
So handle me gently
OK, fella?
or I will spread
Salmonella.

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